

Intestinal Disgorge

"Cover The Roots, Lower The Stems"

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You know it's really hard to do, to think of anyone but
you
And how your soul lives in my own
The trees are growing roots that will hold your heart
Inside your chest where you lay
Fear no more my son, because someday the trees will
sing
And I know that someday will come,
Where the trees are growing roots among the place we
used to
Sit and breathe the air.
Someday, someday the trees will sing,
Oh my god! My heart is with you now!
And my body is growing roots
That will hold your feelings down.
And I will sing a song for you, where a thousand
pandas
Dance under the warmth and ocean blue.

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